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SHAKESPEARE ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

Davy: I BESEECH YOU, SIR, TO COUNTENANCE WILLIAM VISOR, OF WINCOT, AGAINST CLEMENT PERKES, OF THE HILL.

Justice Shallow: THERE ARE MANY COMPLAINTS, DAVY, AGAINST THAT VISOR; THAT VISOR IS AN ARRANT KNAVE, ON MY KNOWLEDGE.

Davy: I GRANT YOUR WORSHIP THAT HE IS A KNAVE, SIR; BUT YET, GOD FORBID, SIR, BUT A KNAVE SHOULD HAVE SOME COUNTENANCE AT HIS FRIEND'S REQUEST. AN HONEST MAN, SIR, IS ABLE TO SPEAK FOR HIMSELF, WHEN A KNAVE IS NOT. THE KNAVE IS MINE HONEST FRIEND, SIR; THEREFORE, I BESEECH YOUR WORSHIP, LET HIM BE COUNTENANCED.

King Henry IV., act fifth, scene first.

AMERICAN SVM

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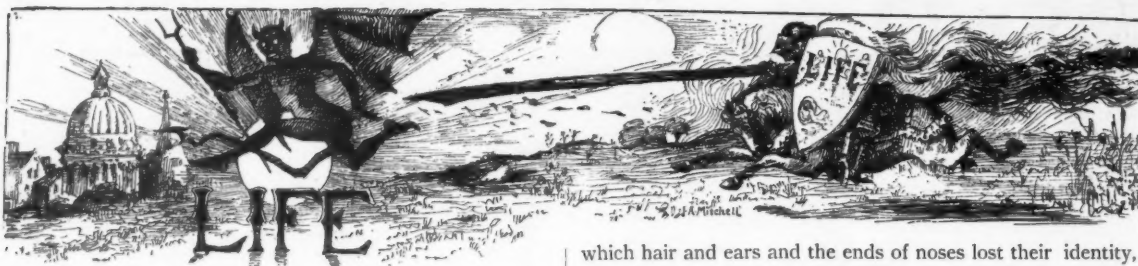
SOCIETY

LITERATURE

POLITICS
STREETS

DR. J. M. A.

THE



VOL. IV. AUG. 14TH, 1884. NO. 85.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vols. II. and III., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

FREE Trade is now putting the last finishing touches to an American industry which appeals directly to our heart. It seems that owing to a lack of protection, the American leech is being driven from the market by the European variety. Ten years ago it was a common thing for the American small-boy to go bathing, get covered with native leeches, run home yelling, and have his frugal mother pick them off carefully and exchange them at the druggist's for a pint of castor oil, and a little camphor and boneset tea. Thus the times when hookey and its consequences were profitable in the family medicine chest are gone. Now our veins are at the mercy of Foreign bloodsuckers, Spanish, Irish, Norwegian, and the most that our native leech can do, is to get in his fine work on the small boy without the formality of a prescription. Mr. Blaine should not forget the leech plank in his platform.

THE Rev. Mr. Josiah Doolittle has given rise to quite an upheaval of temperance enthusiasm in Racine, Wisconsin. The old method of employing a long face, a cracked voice, a watery eye and a chronic snuffle to win over the abandoned rumseller, had of late years failed to impress the select coteries of Racine, and the Rev. Mr. Doolittle, with a touch of genius, determined to strike out on a new line. After having announced his intention to whoop up, as it were, the legions of Rum on the following Sunday, Mr. Doolittle provided himself with a barrel of applejack brewed by one of his deacons, and spent the six following days in solitude, preparing for his effort. The long wished for Sabbath came, and the sacred aisles were crowded. A sensation was expected. It came. With a yell and a rush Mr. Doolittle appeared, himself in the full bloom and vigor of that nervous phenomenon technically known as the jams. He threw back-somersaults, foamed at the mouth, described extraordinary zoological collections in his boots, and wound up by involving three deacons, a warden and two trustees in a general free fight, in

which hair and ears and the ends of noses lost their identity, and the choir was hopelessly snarled in controversy as to which got the best of it. A straight jacket and several ounces of bromides were found necessary to bring the services to a conclusion, and the church was closed for the season. The sermon was pronounced to be a vigorous success, but the vestrymen decided that it was too exhausting to bear repetition, and so employed another divine, who will adhere to the old means of persuasion by cold water, a blue nose and melancholy.

DR. KOCH having stated that the best precaution against cholera is to avoid the use of water, the health officers of Kentucky have declared that that no quarantine is necessary.

IT now transpires that the Bread-Winners was written twelve years ago—that is a novel was written by that name. If the same shocking mystery which enshrouded "Beautiful Snow" is to envelope this work as well, it is really time that Congress should take measures of prevention.

"YES—on second thought it really *does* appear to me that I have heard the name 'Mulligan.' But where?"
J. G. Blaine.

MR. BARNUM has pronounced for Blaine. The side show must be kept up to its standard.

OUR esteemed contemporary the *Telegram*, urges that the ships purchased for the Greely Relief should not be sold but should be held in readiness for another expedition. By all means, November 4th will be such a cold day for Messrs. Blaine and Logan that it will be necessary for them to go to the North Pole to get warm, and reliable ships should be provided that there may be no danger of their not getting there. Besides, the North Pole is the well known centre of the earth's magnetic belts, and as Mr. Blaine's galvanism seems to be somewhat out of repair, it is wise to supply him with the means of restoring it. By all means let us have another expedition.

IT is not generally known why the Blaine and Logan flag in front of the National Committee Headquarters fell down last week.

Draw hither, gentle voter, whilst we whisper in thine ear.
It fell down because it could n't well fall up.
Get thee thither.



THE GRANDMOTHERS OF OUR GRANDCHILDREN.

Maud: ISN'T THIS A QUEER TITLE FOR A BOOK, MOTHER—"NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS"? I WONDER WHAT SHE CAN BE IF SHE IS NOT LIKE OTHER GIRLS?

Mother: I DON'T KNOW, UNLESS SHE GOES INTO THE KITCHEN AND HELPS HER MOTHER INSTEAD OF STAYING IN THE PARLOR TO READ NOVELS.

A BALLADE.

WHEN troubles encompass you hither and there,
When you're tempted to curse at the ways of the town,
When Hope is inclined to give up to Despair,
And the fog of ill-luck all about you drops down;
When the world and her people have only a frown,
When you seem to be out all alone in the rain;
Remember the adage!—Despondency drown!
For there's surely a turning to every lane.

When the girl of your heart, whom you used to call fair,
Has given you up for that Smithers, the clown,
When your steak's too well done, and your friends are too rare,
When your nature has thoroughly donned the black gown,
Remember that patience is promised a crown;

Resurrect all the good resolutions you've slain.

Keep in mind, if you will, that one line of renown,
For there's surely a turning to every lane.

When there's nothing but worry and stew in the air,
When you fain would give vent to that one little noun
That begins with a "D" (and says much, I declare),
When at last is your luck so infernally down,
That you can't even borrow a dollar from Brown,
Do n't collapse, nor get blue. From such nonsense refrain;
Keep your heart and your temper—dispense with your frown,
For there's surely a turning to every lane.

L'ENVOI.

My friend, though there be not a face in the town
That greets you with kindness—if you are still sane,
You'll take my advice and take off that black gown,
For there's surely a turning to every lane. W. S. CASE.

CONCERNING OUR SENTIMENTS.

A REMARK recently overheard, to the effect that LIFE is Democratic, leads us to state our sentiments in the present campaign.

LIFE believes in the Republican Party.

But when the Republican Party makes what seems to us to be so unpardonable an error as to nominate for the Presidency a gentleman of so crooked a record as Mr. Blaine, we feel free to oppose its choice.

We may be wrong. Mr. Blaine may turn out to be a small galvanized Saint just fitted for the exalted position of President of the United States.

However this may be, just at present we are not dazzled by the brilliancy of his halo, and from our present point of view see very little but tarnished brass in this ideal candidate.

We feel that we have as much right to disagree with the Republican Party as the Republican Party has to disagree with us without being called Democratic.

One gentleman who prides himself on the hypothesis that his individual copy of LIFE is the extent of our circulation, writes an ungrammatical, ill-spelt letter to us, rebuking us because we print two "caracatures in a single issue" upon the immaculate Blaine, and says, "Do n't be too sure that every one thinks as you do."

How foolish this is!

If we were sure that every one thinks as we do we would let the whole campaign go without a word of comment, feeling that the country was safe for the next four years in having as its Executive at least an honest man, Governor Cleveland.

To our intolerant friends we say whomever we consider worthy, him will we support, be he Democrat, Dude, Pharisee or Republican.

In this instance he is a Democrat.

And yet we are not over and above pleased with the Democratic ticket.

We respect Mr. Cleveland and the Democracy of Mr. Bayard.

We dislike Mr. Hendricks and the Democracy of Kelly, Butler and others.

If Mr. Cleveland could be separated from Mr. Hendricks we would drop the latter.

Unfortunately this is impossible, and being of the opinion that a ticket composed of a common sense and *honest* head combined with a copperhead in a position where the copperheadism is harmless, is preferable to a front of brass with a tail fit only to be wagged, we support Cleveland and Hendricks rather than Blaine and Logan.

This is the extent of LIFE's Democracy.

A YOUNG theologian preached before the assembled classes of a female college. In his opening prayer he cried out: "O, Lord, kindle a flame of love in our hearts, and, O, Lord, water it—water it!"

THE most cordial of all one's corner friends—Old Tom.

PULLED BACK.

BY HUGE GONEAWAY.

CHAPTER III.

Geneva and Siberia.

IN Geneva I met the ill-favored Italian with whom Bunion and I had had words in Turin and judging from his appearance that he patronized the abode of "My Uncle," I enquired of him as to Sceneri's whereabouts. After much prevarication as behooved one of his nationality he told me.

I then informed him of my marriage with Pauline, and he was seized with most uncontrollable anger, remarking quite plainly, "Ignorammitati; beni butli et trayspotti!"

It was with difficulty that I restrained myself from grasping him by the throat.

After leaving the Italian I went in a cheap cab to Sceneri's residence. He told me little, save that he had hypothecated a large fortune belonging to Pauline, on the last election and had lost it all. He also said that she had lost her mind through some terrible shock, he would not say what, two years back. I refrained from asking what shock for fear of receiving some flippant and immaterial reply. I had been caught that way before. I surmise, however, that Pauline in some way came in contact with a certain magnetic candidate. But of this anon.

Said Sceneri:

"Macaroni who was fool enough to give you my address wanted to marry her. Good-bye Vaughan, I'm going to Russia to help raise a new line of Czars. For full particulars see Chapter VII of our book."

I could not forbear taking his generous hand.

"Doctor you've wronged me."

"You're right, young man. But then, Centemeri dongiovanni di lammermoor," said he with a smile so charming that I almost forgave him.

I thus returned to England bearing with me Macaroni's promise to call upon me with explanations as to my wife's minus mindedness. With commendable promptness for an Italian, he turned up somewhat less than a year later, and asserted that he was Pauline's brother, which fact, however, he was unable to prove, for said he:

"I lost the strawberry mark fighting for Garibaldi." He emphasized these remarks by jabbing the table with a long bowie knife which he carried in his boot. My wife, to whom his presence seemed to give much uneasiness, and whose actions toward him did not go to substitute the missing strawberry mark in proving filial relationship, fainted at the sight of the bowie.

"Poor thing," said Priscilla, "she always was afraid of bo-ys!"

For once in my life I became angry with Priscilla, and as for Macaroni, I grew suspicious of him.

My wife was so very sick that I deemed it hardly worth my while to send for a doctor. He could probably do nothing except make out his bill for services, and although I told Sceneri that I had 70,000 lires per annum, I lately had re-

ANECDOTE OF ACHILLES.

A CHILLES, having been compelled to differ with his brother Greeks upon the issue of Female Suffrage, declined to take any part in the campaign. News being brought to Agamemnon, King of Men, that the Hero was sulking in his Tent, that honored Leader was about to view the Defection with Alarm and Apprehension. But the sage Ulysses remarked: "Let him sulk! The chances are that as soon as the Fighting begins he will be found in the Ranks; at any rate, it is better to have him safe in his Tent than to see him go and make an Independent Republican Conference of himself, and come out for Priam and Hector."

The foregoing anecdote shows why Ulysses was regarded as the wisest of the Greeks.

BRIGHT YOUTH says he 'sposes a "hole in the button market" would be a buttonhole.

AN habitual diner-out—the tramp.

BROOKLYN Bridge swell, wearing large number tens, has them trampled upon by Small Boy. Swell: "Ain't there room enough on the whole bridge without your walking all over me?" S. B.: "Guess there would be if you 'd take your feet off."

BOGGS, who has softening of the brain, always buys an overcoat at Hanover. "Because there," he says, "you can get Hanover coat that 's worth having."



ENTHUSIASTIC MAIDEN.

WHAT AN IMMENSE CANDIDATE IT IS!

course to but one—myself. Finally, however, I got frightened, as I thought I saw signs of life, and was about sending for a physician when I saw something in her eye. It was not a cinder, but something I hope I shall never see there again. She arose from her bed and walked down stairs out into the street. It was damp without, and fearing lest she take cold I placed my derby on her head, which she wore with much unconscious elegance. She wandered around the street until she came to a furnished house to rent, enquire without, and before a policeman came in sight I managed to open the door with my dead latch-key and enter the house. On the way in I stumbled over a hatrack, and then became cold with terror. I had struck a coincidence. As Grimaldi says, "Here I was again." My wife went to the piano, and seating herself at it played and sung the same old Sweet Violated lines which I had fondly hoped were dead forever. I was stupefied with horror, and finding on the sideboard a bottle which the previous occupant must have passed unnoticed, I nerved myself. I grasped my wife's hand. She struggled, and in our struggles I came in contact with the piano, landing on my eye. Ah, the sights that I saw! There was the same identical murder of which I had been a blind witness in the past. Among the figures thus presented to my view I recognized Sceneri, Macaroni and the man with the scar on his voice. A

fourth, judging from his attitude and a knife sticking in his heart, must have been the corpse. Macaroni's attitude showed him to have been the murderer. Just then Pauline shrieked and I came to. Fearing lest the neighbors should come, too, I replaced my hat with a convenient shoe-horn and hurried homeward.

Said I, "I've got 'em again. Drunk or dreaming!"

I must find Sceneri and get at the bottom of this matter. Who was the corpse? Pauline's lover? Macaroni hints as much. Ordinarily, I believe Mac to be a most astute liar. I must be certain, however, of the untruth of his statement, and as Siberia is easy enough to reach in a novel, I will go thither, for Sceneri is in Siberia, his scheme instead of the Czar having been blown.

I do not expect any one to believe this last chapter, and I have therefore taken no pains to keep within bounds. Henceforth, I am veracity itself.

My wife is still in a fit, and therefore hardly fit for travel. Priscilla tells me she is asleep, so I go for one chaste kiss before my departure. The kiss obtained, I catch a chased train, and the next day my mind is in a sterner frame. I sit dejectedly at the rear end of a Channel steamer.

"Ah," I sighed, "to-morrow I'll be in Russia. Better than in Bankruptcy, however," and lighting a cheroot, I turned in.



THE RIGHT OF THE MAJORITY.

Mistress: BRIDGET, WE WILL HAVE COTELETTES FOR BREAKFAST TO-MORROW MORNING.

Bridget: THE GIRLS DON'T LIKE COTELETTES, MARM.

Mistress: BUT I LIKE COTELETTES.

Bridget: IT IS HARDLY WORTH WHILE TO GET THEM FOR ONE.

CHAPTER IV.

GRAND FINALE.

IN St. Petersburg I met the Czar, Alexander Petrovitch Blowuporowsky, Etceteravitch, who seemed delighted to meet me, and readily granted me the desired permission to interview one of his political prisoners. He thought I was insane, and was anxious to get me out of Russia.

"I do n't know as I had ought to!" he said, as I was about to depart.

"Ought to what?" I asked.

"Autocrat. Ta-ta. Blowsky. Skipoutofitsky!"

And then I knew that my audience was at an end.

Four days later, armed with a passport, a guide, a mule and some receipted bills, which inspired the greatest possible respect whenever shown, I crossed the Ural Mountains, which are not too high, just high enough, and shortly after reached Tobolsk. I learned that Sceneri had been sent to Irkutsk, possibly for election purposes. As he had gone by

mail, I had no difficulty in getting to Irkutsk before him, collecting *en route* enough matter to make a tolerably interesting chapter in my novel. But as I went purely on business, I of course have n't used as much as I could if I wished. Three days after my arrival Sceneri came, and I managed to interview him. I found him lying, true to his nature, in a corner, surrounded by cholera germs and political prisoners, who would undoubtedly have insulted me had the officer who accompanied me gone knout.

I took the wretched prisoner to my room and set before him a square meal promising to pay for it myself. I shall never forget the look of gratitude which that free lunch earned for me. To a man who has been fed on mail-bags and reflection for two months a filet from a sole-leather trunk or a fifteen year old spring Rooster is apt to be palatable. He was sparing in his drink, whereat I rejoiced for there was not much wine left and I hate to see a man overcome by liquor especially when he leaves no chance for me.

DYNAMITE DISTANCED.

IT is whispered in Dynamite circles that a surer mode of securing the "blowing up" of a large number of objectionable men in power at London than even that of the deadly dynamite has been suggested and that it is now under the serious consideration of O'Donovan Rossa.

It is proposed that a score or so of the most convivially inclined of the hated government officials be lured to a banquet in the alleged interests of some Home Institution, that the finest champagne and other wines be provided galore, that the visitors shall be rendered oblivious of their surroundings, and carefully conducted to their doors when they are to be deposited and left by their hosts at 4 A. M.

There is demoniac cunning in this. They have successfully laid a plot for the blowing up of some of these unhappy victims—by their wives.

H. A.

ALARMING intelligence—"Oscar Wilde is engaged on a novel." One of "Ouida's," probably.

AN attractive hat for fly-time—The sugar-loaf.

GOOD game for evening—Cold roast partridge for supper.

POPULAR toast (*du Martin*) among café frequenters—To our absinthe friends.

After Sceneri had eaten all my baggage as well as part of my guide's, he became talkative.

"Who was it you murdered three years ago in Horace Street?" said I by way of an opener.

The start he gave shook the roof and the Captain who was pacing up and down without put his eye to the keyhole. He was suspicious.

"Macaroni killed him," said Sceneri. "I stole his money and his life was all he had left. We rather hankered after that too, for he wore good clothes and we were poor. His name was Anthony March, Pauline's brother."

I was happy. The murdered man was not Pauline's lover and Macaroni was an accomplished liar. I might have known it and saved the expense of the trip. "Yes, sir," continued Sceneri. "Mac wanted to marry Pauline but Anthony did n't fancy the match, Mac had n't any sponds. He said Mac was good enough outside but there was nothing in him."

"Yes," said I, "Macaroni is apt to be quite hollow."

The wretched man was much overcome and I thought he was going to die. The sight of a bank note, however, brought him to.

"Well, good bye, Sceneri," said I. "I know all I want to know and I'll see you later."

"Not if I see you first," he replied. "By the way if anything horrible happens to Macaroni just let me know. It'll do my heart good. If it had n't been for him the Czar would have been Russian to his hereafter and I—well I would have been making it hot for royalty all around. Mac's a *traditore* from Tradatoria, he is. Leave a few dollars with the Captain for me, will you? If you do he'll keep it, and won't steal my clothes. Good bye, Vaughan! I'm off for the mines, and as the poets say what's mines me own."

He held out his hand but I could not grasp it. All the convicts were looking and besides as I was not a candidate for office I did not require his vote.

Packing my valise, I hurried back to England, taking with me, as I have said, material enough for four volumes. I had to leave Siberia. It was too large for me to take with me, and besides the Czar wanted it.

I found Pauline and Priscilla, the two green peas of my life, awaiting my return. Priscilla introduced me to my wife, who did n't seem to know me, and after some time I managed to coax a few ideas and some intellect into her head. She seemed relieved when I told her that Anthony was buried. She thought he had not been, and it made her uneasy, naturally, as he had been dead nearly four years.

Two years later I saw Macaroni on his way to a French shooting match, in which he officiated as target. I sent the welcome news to Sceneri on a postal card, but it was returned to me marked "due six cents." Sceneri had n't the money to pay the extra postage, and it was returned. He died shortly after of curiosity of the *postalcadium*.

My tale is told. Pauline and I take a pleasure trip to Anthony's grave every autumn, and are happy. She knows me now, and can recognize my footstep, no matter what time of the night I come home or how confused the footsteps may be.

I could go on and write chapter after chapter concerning Pauline, but I could n't find a publisher, so I won't.

Even now she lassos my neck with her arm and remarks: "You've written too much too much of me my husband."

Whether she means by this that she is her own husband or that there is too much of me, her husband, I cannot say. Probably she does.

With this, the only difference of opinion that exists between us, my tale may end.

J. K. BANGS.

THE END.

BOOMLETS.

WERE Mr. Hosea Biglow together with his friend and Pastor the Rev. Homer Wilbur, A.M., G.O.P., E.T.C., in this country to-day instead of ministering to the wants of our Vigorous Foreign and English Policy, we would doubtless be treated to something like the following verse which was received at a late hour last night from the National Republican Headquarters:

Miss Susan B.
Anthony, she
Has fallen in love with, J. G. B.
For Anthonee,
She thinks that he
Would whoop up with vigor the policee
Without which she
This aged fe-
Male thinks the country aint worth a D.

* * *

COLLECTOR JOHN A. TIBBETTS of New London, in a speech ratifying the Blaine and Logan nominations uses some truly temperate language when he says, "If Yale college is to be prostituted to the teachings of free trade to young men, may it burn down in a year."

Mr. Blaine should be protected from his friends.

By the way, suppose there should be free trade, could Collector John A. Tibbetts find enough to do to warrant the Government in paying him a salary?

We think we see Collector John A. Tibbetts's animus!

* * *

THE New York *Sun* has a cruel habit of pushing candidates into prominence, and then ruthlessly destroying them.

Its latest choice, Honest Ben Butler, has been sent the way of all such.

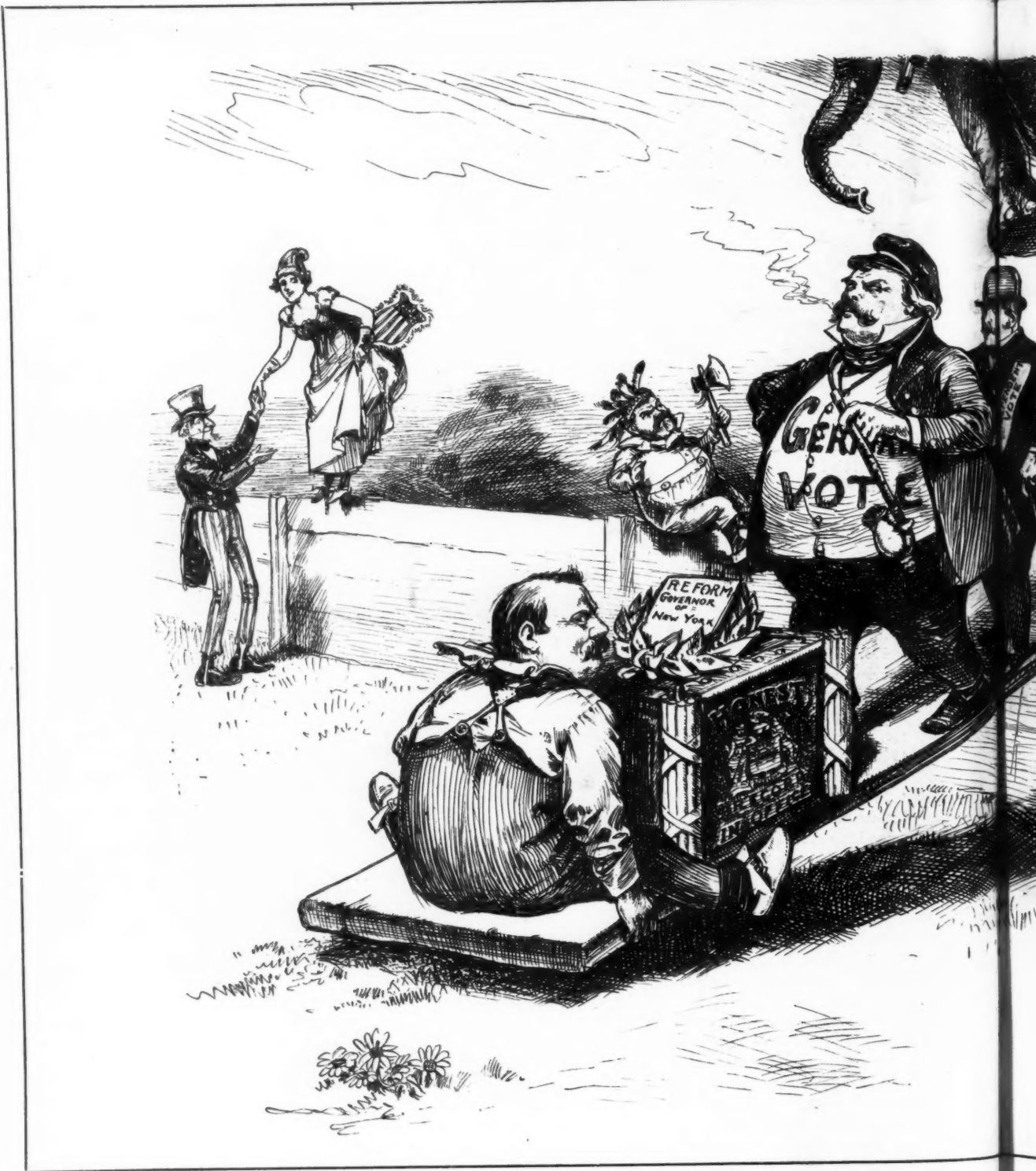
The *Sun* accuses him of writing poetry!
Butler cannot now enter the White House.

* * *

IT is rumored abroad that Mr. Reid-Law White is soon to publish in his *Tryblaine* a series of damaging letters written by Cleveland.

They are the Mulligan letters, except that the editor has "merely taken the liberty" of inserting the name of Cleveland wherever that of Blaine occurred.

This is characteristic!



THE DUSKY MOOR OF MAINE.

“SOFT you: a word or two before you go.
 I have done your road some service, and you know it.
 No more of that I pray you in your letters
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate.
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
 Of one that loved bonds wisely but too well;
 Of one not cheaply purchased, but being bought,
 Perplexed in the extreme; of one whose hand
 Like the base Judean, threw his chance away
 For cash upon the spot; of one whose party,
 Albeit unused to the bolting mood,
 Drop votes as slow as do the Vassar girls
 Their medicinal gum. Set you down this
 And say besides that in the Senate once
 — but perhaps it is just as well that I do not allude again
 to that trying time. OTHELLO BLAINE.”

WE ought to beware of Alaska diamonds and poker-players, for they both scin-til-late.

VERY COMBUSTIBLE.

Mother: Do you know what combustible means, Tommy?
Tommy: Why, yes, of course; something that busts easily.

“*Omnibus hoc vitium est*—the omnibus is vitious,” was the translation made by the Boston gentleman who denounced the study of the dead languages. “Probably written by a Roman who’d had his new hat smashed in one. I wonder what he’d have said of a bob-tail car!”

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LESSON X.—Cholera.

1. IN dealing with cholera you must put sentiment in the background and ruthlessly kill every microcosm as soon as it appears.
2. Do not give the patient large doses of medicine—throw physic to the physicians and Germs to the Germans.
3. Never sit in the same hammock, play tennis or dance the cotillion with a person who has the cholera, as it increases the chances of contagion.
4. Let him eat no food that has not been thoroughly cooked. Boil everything—except the ice, because boiled ice (though not positively unwholesome) is never firm and crisp.
5. His clothing must be kept scrupulously neat. Make him put on a fresh pair of cuffs and a clean cholera day.
6. A favorite Asiatic remedy is one fire-cracker an hour, chewed slowly, and absolute freedom from all excitement. In practice, however, this is sometimes found to be a difficult combination to preserve.
7. If the patient is expected to die, send his name and \$5.00 to this office. That will insure him for him one year more of LIFE, at any rate.

CIGARS VS. CLOTHING.

ENGAGED—Rosenheimer—Sulzbacher—Suddenly, on Sunday eve., at the residence of her father, Rebecca Rosenheimer to Levi Sulzbacher. No cards.

The above appeared in Monday’s paper. On the evening of the same day, Mr. Levi Sulzbacher, attired faultlessly, with a clean shave and a “fresh oil,” stepped from the back parlor of Mr. Rosenheimer’s house, No. 11 E. 5th St., upon the back piazza, and found himself in the august presence of Mr. Herman Rosenheimer, who was “airing his shirt-front” (being both hatless, coatless and shoeless), after the day’s struggle with customers and the heat. Mr. Herr Herman Rosenheimer had only just seen the above notice in the evening paper, and was not in a very cheery mood.

An angry frown met the polite young aspirant’s “Goot efening, Meester Rosenheimer,” as he took a chair near him. They were alone, Miss Becky and her ma being “otherwise engaged.”

“Vell,” began the old Hebrew, “so mine dau’ter is engaged alretty, and I haf not known dat. Younk man, ven mine vife haf reed dis to me from dis paper, I haf like to fall dem kitchen stairs behindt me.”

“So vas I ashtonished ven I gafe that notis to some clerks at the noospaper ofise. I tolt dem be sure dat notis goes not in to-day ‘Vait,’ I sed, ‘till Tuesday.’ I couldnt beleef mine eyes ven I am ingagged before I have seen Becky’s faser.”

“So. Vell, mine fren’, Becky’s faser says you is not ingagged—and vill nefer give his consent” (and the old Israelite brought his flat stockinged foot down with a “thump” on the piazza floor.

“But, Mr. Rosenheimer,” pleaded the lover, “I kain’t tell you how I luff dat girl. Das en dear Becky; always ven I git up in mine room, ven I am in mine pizniss, I am always luffing mine Becky. Pleease, Mr. Rosenheimer, kain’t you say yes.”

“Mine childt shall marry pretty soon a v-e-r-y r-i-c-h man,” said the old fox.

“How rich, Mr. Rosenheimer? I haf a goot pizniss.”

“But dat man vot I know of haf anyvay ten thousand dollars in cash money.”

“Mine cigar pizniss pays me more as de interest on dat ten thousand dollars.”

“Vat is your pizniss vurt?”

“Anyvay is vurt more as two thousand dollars efery year.”

“You kain prufe dat?”

“Sure! mine books and mine customers vill tell any vone so.”

“From dat leetel cigar store on Sixth Avenoo?”

“Dat same shtore.”

“I vould nefer haf beleefed dat. Perhaps ven you can prufe dat you haf more money as meine other yunk main, I vill ask mine vife. Anyvay, I gif her to das best main. I know she is en goot girl.”

“Den you dink I get her, Mr. Rosenheimer?”

“Mine fren’, I haf known your faser. I beleefe vat you say, and I vill say yes, my yunk Levi.”



Did you say 'love all'?

'No, dear boy, never play. understand it's apt to make a feller thin.'

over!

'You're not playing base ball young feller.'

'Who wants to pway me a couple of wattling strong games?'

You cant expect every one to look well in a lawn tennis suit.

E W Kemble

TENNIS.

**GOOD ADVICE.**

Mama: IT IS VERY WRONG IN YOU, JOHNNY, TO QUARREL IN THIS WAY.

Johnny (who has just had a fight with his brother Tom): WELL, I GOT MAD AND HAD TO DO SOMETHING.

Mama: BUT YOU SHOULD NOT LET YOUR TEMPER CARRY YOU AWAY IN THAT MANNER. I WILL TELL YOU A GOOD RULE: WHEN YOU ARE ANGRY ALWAYS COUNT TWENTY, BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

Tommy (the victor in the recent unpleasantness): YES, AND HE'D BETTER COUNT FORTY, BEFORE HE STRIKES A FELLOW THAT CAN LICK HIM.

"So, Mr. Rosenheimer, I can nefer give you enuff danks for dat. And now vat is de dowery?"

"Vat is de dowery?"

"Yes; how much comes midt mine own sweet Becky?"

"How much money?"

"Sure!"

"Vell, I nefer wouldt haf beleefed dat of mine fren's son—dat he shall vant money, but I tell you I gif her goot money."

"Sure, but how much comes from de dowery?"

"I gif her blenty."

"How much is blenty, Mr. Rosenheimer?"

"Anyvay, one tousand dollars."

"One tousand dollars?"

"One tousand dollars. Is dat too much?"

The young man reached for his hat and shoved back his chair.

"Meese Moses faser, Abraham Moses, shall gif tree tousand dollars, and he say he is the richest clothing man in de Bowery.

"Who tolted you dat?"

"Mine bosom fren', who is marrying de oser Meese Moses."

"I am sure he vill nefer gif such a price."

"He is saying dat he is the richest man in the clothing pee-zness from de New Bowery."

"I vill nefer beleefe dat. I sell more as him mineself anyvay."

"Vat shall I do vith one tousand dollars, ven I haf to buy a reel diamond ring costs me alretty hundred fifty dollars? After dat I haf seven hundred fifty dollars. It is nutting, Mr. Rosenheimer" (rising to go).

"Vell, how much you vant?"

"Anyvay fife tousand dollars."

"I shall nefer gif dat money."

"Othervise I marry Meese Moses."

"Othervise you kain marry Meese Moses."

"Make it four tousand."

"I shall not pay such a dowery. Vell, good-night, Meester Sulzbacher. I gif you two tousand dollars."

"Goot-night, Mr. Rosenheimer. Ven you say twenty-five hundred dollars, I vill say to old Moses dat de dowery ben fife tousand."

"You vill do dat?"

"Sure, I vill do dat."

"Mine younk fren', you vill always make blenty money, I see dat. Come to my shtore on to-morrow morning."

"You vill gif dat?"

"I am sure you make money. I vill gif dat. Here comes my dear dau'ter, and my wife is calling me from de kitchen."

"*Mine sweet Becky* is coming. Goot-night, Mr. Rosenheimer."

JEW D' ESPRIT—An intoxicated Israelite.

EXAMPLE in liquid measure—To find how much the Khan of Tartary really holds.

**STRATEGY.**

Reckless Dude: OH, YOU NASTY, SAUCY THING, TO HIDE IN MY BEDROOM! THERE! I'LL BREAK YOUR UMBRELLA, SO YOU CAN'T GO OUT WITHOUT GETTING SOAKED, FOR IT'S RAINING LIKE ANYTHING OUTSIDE.

Burglar Faints.

A FRUITFUL EXPERIENCE.

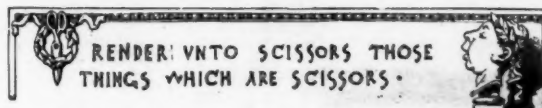
ON the outskirts of a pic-nic, in the shelter of a rock, deserted by all his comrades, sat a small boy, and on the ground at his side lay six or seven pieces of the rind of a large fruit, which was a mottled green color on the outside, but within, a crispy pink. Was the little fellow glad the heat of the day was over? No. Was he happy because he had found a robin's nest before lunch and was even then sitting on the eggs? He did n't give a hang. His eyes were closed as if he slept; his little hands were clasped over the region of his heart; he was sad; in fact, he felt melon-colic.

From time to time the distant din of clashing knives and forks smote faintly upon his ear, and anon were wafted to him the frenzied cheers of the pic-nickers as they crowded around the mistaken young man who had put powdered sugar on his hard-boiled egg.

He did not move when he heard the triumphant shouts that proclaimed the discovery of a basket of Delaware peaches,—it was not because he knew they were green, but because he could n't eat another thing to save his life.

That night a small boy, footsore and weary, dragged himself up to the door of a farm house and knocked for admittance. He was all that was left of them—left of sickened huddled. The only remnant of the host that had fallen victims to the pitiless peach; saved by his own voracity.

CARLSBAD.



THROES.

WHEN lovely woman takes a notion
With a brick to hit a cat,
A burning house, a raging ocean
Were a far safer spot than that!

Seize her quick, secure and bind her,
Ere the missile dire she throws;
Or, 'tis like, some one behind her
Gets it full upon the nose.

—Free Press.

"So you call that well water?" remarked the stranger, spurning the offending liquid from his mouth. "Great Scott! how must it have tasted when it was ill?"—*Boston Transcript.*

STEPHEN WHITLOCK, aged 18 years, of Lyons, N. Y., "after eating a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries, pits and all, and drinking several glasses of ice-water, died in great agony." The cause of his death is unknown, but heart disease is suspected.—*Norristown Herald.*

"THE moon is waning," Elfrida said, sitting a little closer to Ethelred to keep off the malaria. "Yes," said old Sir Marmalade, her sire, who crossed the piazza at that moment; "and the swain is mooning. Haw, haw, haw!" and he was gone. Ethelred shuddered and drew Elfrida to his side until she had to breathe in her mind. "Thank Heaven," he said, earnestly, "that the moon is not waxing! I tremble to think what a joke it might have suggested to him!"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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I lost a bird, I knew not where,
And sought it east, north, south and west;
I climbed a chestnut tree, and there,
I found that bird in last year's nest.

I lost a dime one year ago,
And long its loss disturbed my rest;
But time at length healed all my woe—
I found that dime in last year's vest.
—New York Journal.

GUESSED HER AGE.

MISS MAKEUP, the new Sunday-school teacher, has been telling little Sammie that when she was a wee, tiny girl, she used to play with a little mannie who looked just like him.

The Superintendent's bell rang, and the school came to order.

The lesson hour was soon reached.

"Johnny," said Miss Makeup, "who was the first man?"

"George Washington—first in war, first in—"

"There, that will do."

"Well, he was; I heard it at the minstrels."

"Sammie, my little mannie, I'll warrant you can tell who was the first man."

Sammie looked ashamed, and only giggled.

"Come, Sammie, do n't you know?"

"Yeth'm."

"Well, then, tell me like a little mannie."

"It wath that little boy you uth to play with, wath n't it?"—Rochester Union.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
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Are composed only of chemicals which have received the highest endorsement of Prof. KOCH, of Berlin, Mr. PASTEUR, of Paris, and other eminent investigators, as being the most powerful destroyers of those germs from which all zymotic and septic diseases spring.

PROF. R. OGDEN DOREMUS, M.D., LL.D.,

Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Professor of Chemistry at the College of the City of New York, member of the New York Medical-Legal Society, Academy of Sciences, etc., etc., writes as follows:

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL MEDICAL COLLEGE.
NEW YORK, June 20th, 1884.

To THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY COMPANY:

Gentlemen—Having analyzed the samples of BELLEVUE DISINFECTANTS, I am happy to state that I know from years of practical experience in this city and port in the disinfection of hospitals and infected shipping from cholera ports, that excepting enormous volumes of Chlorine gas, there is nothing in the whole range of chemistry equal in potency to the chemicals you employ for disinfection as you specify.

"Bellevue Water Disinfectant"

I find the only available chemical for the purification of water for drinking purposes. It precipitates dissolved organic matter, destroys the noxious gases, and kills the germs contained in it. It is equally efficacious in disinfecting house drains. I have demonstrated before the New York Academy of Medicine, at the request of its President, that while no water-trap used in plumbing can prevent the passage of poisonous gases from the sewer, the particular chemical which I find in "BELLEVUE WATER DISINFECTANT" will destroy them.

Prof. RICHARDSON, of Philadelphia, and others have proved that disease germs also pass water-traps. In my own residence I found germs plentifully developing in pipes leading from one wash basin to another, and I have strongly recommended to my medical classes, to the profession and to the public, the liberal and constant use of disinfectants as the only safeguard.

In "Bellevue Sewer Disinfectant" I find an admixture of those agents which rank highest in chemistry as preventers of putrid fermentation, destroyers of germ life and arresters of the formation of poisonous gases. Recent investigations reported in the *Comptes Rendus de l'Académie de Science*, allot them also this pre-eminent position.

One of these ingredients I used successfully in the purification of the drains of Bellevue Hospital at the time when that institution was so impregnated with infectious diseases that its demolition was contemplated.

I must congratulate you on being first to present in commercial form agents which science has shown to far outrank the reputed disinfectants hitherto used, and I believe your preparations will, as preventives of sickness and of the spread of contagion, save many valuable lives.

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(Liquid)

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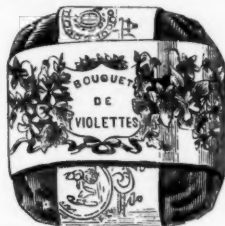
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